The World.

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A CAMPAION DOCUMENT.

A Democratic campaign document of more direct popular interest than coal planks and partnerships in grocery stores is that furnished on the eve of election by the story of the merger of the Beef Trust, now ready for launching. The orator who exhausts his vocabularly of denunciation does not put the case more strongly against the trusts than does the publication of the simple, business-like details of the formation of this particular monopoly.

These details show the Beef Trust to be a rather superior example of trust formation because of the opportunity availed of to mulct the public both as stockholder and as consumer. Of its $400,000,000 of capital stock $200,000,000, the common stock, is confessedly water and its $100,000,000 of bonds represent only $25,000,000 paid for plants purchased at prices entirely out of proportion to their value. A bond that is 75 per cent. water is pretty bad. Thus the investor buying its securities is called on to pay double and fourfold for what he gets. Meanwhile the customer, buying its products, is taxed to pay the interest charges on this inflated valuation. He pays much more now for beef than he paid last year, 30 per cent. more on some cuts, and he is left helpless and without recourse against an additional raise because by the merger of stock-yards, packing-houses and refrigerator cars competition is absolutely cut.

It is a colossal combination licensed by Republican legislation to practise extortion, a commercial tyranny of the worst kind. The mere fact of its existence impeaches the party responsible for its creation of a betrayal of public confidence.

THE LARCHMONT FIRE.

With a paid department fire-fighting is not what it was in the old volunteer days, as any vamp will agree. The stirring scenes, the trumpet's call, the red fire-buckets, all are gone. But at Larchmont yesterday a threatening blaze that bore every indication of an incipient conflagration or holacaust was put out in a manner that recalled the best traditions. The "boys" who turned out to "run with the machine" at the early hour of 5 A. M. were representative citizens, rich men all of them. Millionaires manned the brakes and "shook her down" as they used to do in the old days of Hunneman Neptunes and Amoskeag Waterwitches. Against such opposition the blaze had no chance. The conscious fire knew its master. It flared up with an expiring flare, flickered and went out.

At the time of the burning of Boston exempt firemen maintained with plausibility that a volunteer engine company could have easily extinguished the insignificant fire out of which the conflagration grew. Larchmont, preserved from the ravages of the devouring element, has occasion to indorse the soundness of this reasoning. It has seen its rich volunteers in action and will long keep their laurels green. And there is glory enough to go around and include the chaps in blue shirts who fight fire for monthly wages. They came up from New Rochelle with a six-ton engine and helped.

TO LIVE TO BE A HUNDRED.

The testimony of the centenarians in Sunday's World on the question "How to Live to Be a Hundred" is as conflicting as if they were handwriting experts or insanity specialists.

For example, Edward Lynch, one hundred and two, says, "Get married;" Noah Raby, one hundred and thirty, says, "Don't marry." Are these extra twenty-eight years to be attributed to a bachelor existence? Nearly all counsel would-be centenarians not to worry; the prescription is easier to give than to take. For octogenarians with a pipe, an easy chair and a clear conscience it is easier than for those in the midway of this our mortal life perplexed with thoughts of rent bills and tailors' bills. Most of the twenty counsel work, and Lynch, who is a good deal of a philosopher, puts it happily when he says: "Work hard in the open air and, if you're rich, play hard in the open air." But does he know of a millionaire centenarian? John I. Blair came nearest the mark, and play was a word he did not seem to know the definition of. The golfing millionaire of past sixty so frequently dies suddenly after a round on the links.

Some of the centenarians confess that they have smoked and drank, others counsel abstention. Nearly all advise plain food, though some, like Julia Bedell, one hundred and one, recommend the eating of "anything you feel like, but in moderation." Moderation, indeed, is the keynote of all the advice. It is the old Greek philosopher's "nothing too much," and perhaps it is as near as we can get to nature's secret process for the production of centenarians.

SUBWAY ART EFFECTS.

Subway passengers, denied a glimpse of the second-story domestic scenes that lend charm to the outlook from "L" car windows, are to have the monotony of the underground trips relieved at the stations. These, according to the Rapid Transit Board's prospectus, are to be "like art museums, with a full color scheme and a local color scheme," the intention being to use tiles upon which figures symbolic of the locality have been burned. Thus at the station near Columbia College passengers will see on the walls pictorial representations of football players—not, presumably, in the act of kicking a goal, if art is to show fidelity to nature.

This local color scheme is susceptible of interesting development if strict attention is paid to the matter of artistic fidelity to nature. At the Grand Circle station, for instance, where the Columbus statue is, it is proposed to have the tiling show the Columbus caravels. A more characteristic design would show Gambrinean schooners and Welsh rabbits with a musician discoursing sweet strains. Similarly, in keeping with the neighborhood, at Forty-second street and Broadway there should be still-life effects in lobsters, small birds and large bottles. And as a companion piece a miniature stage with a popular actress in her favorite role, say Maude Adams as Juliet. At Fourteenth street a bargain-counter scene. At the Elm street station nearest Police Headquarters a picture of a Deputy Commissioner starting out for a midnight ramble. At the Bridge station a picture of the post-Darwinian morning and evening struggle for existence, with an allegorical representation of the survival of the fittest.

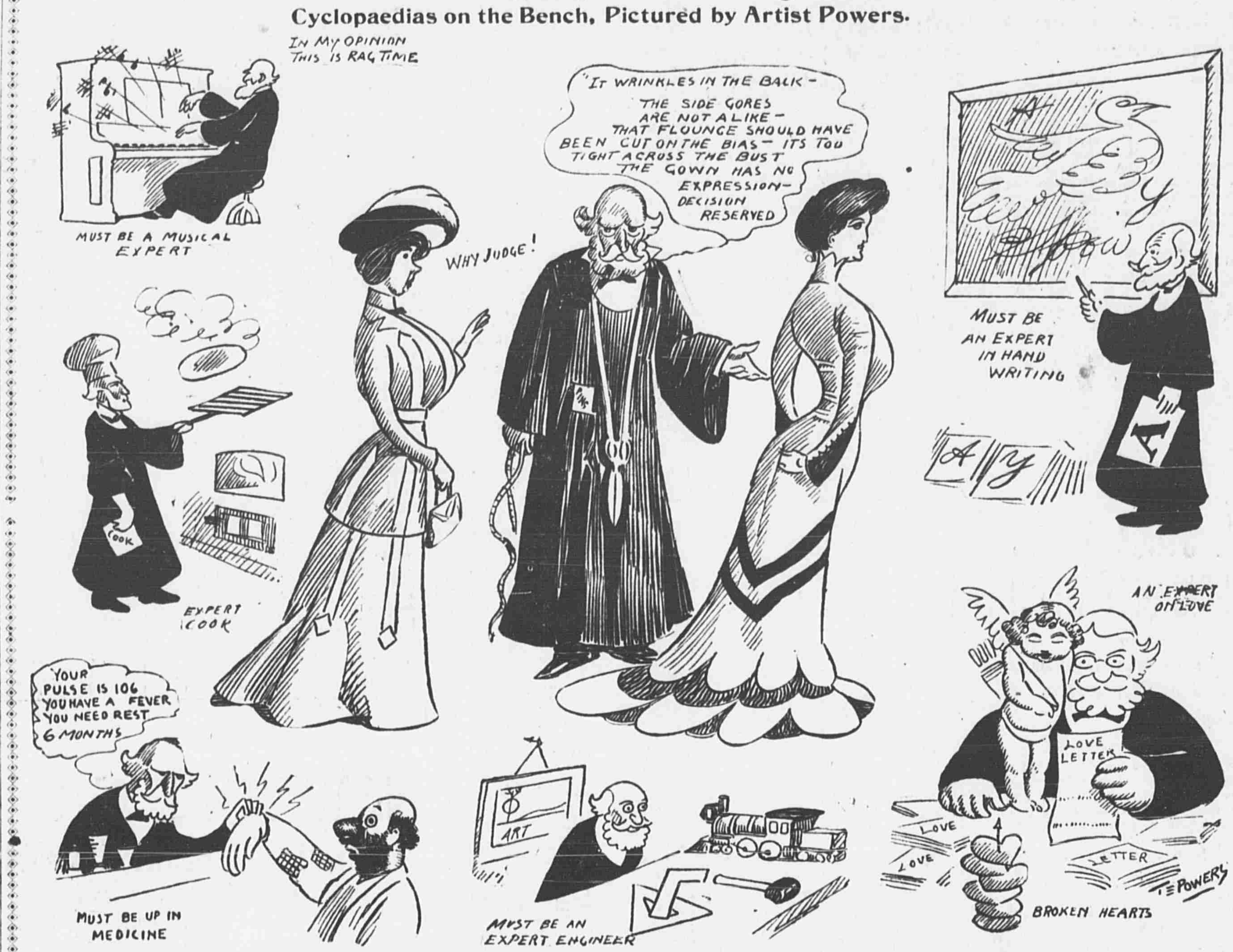
"The truth, the truth above all," said Goethe. Let us have our daily life depicted as Cromwell wanted his face in the portrait, with all the warts on. Then posterity will know us as we were.

[illegible] at Vassar.—The event at Vassar's Hallowe'en entertainment was a realistic representation of Hades to [illegible] guests were conducted by guides attired to resemble [illegible]. Red devils abounded. The feminine mind, grown [illegible] to treat brimstone traditions with such levity, [illegible] have scant respect for orthodox sermons.

THE EVENING

Recent Trials Display Our Judges' Versatility.

Cyclopaedias on the Bench, Pictured by Artist Powers.



Music tr ials, dressmaking trials, handwriting trials, medical and engineering trials, culinary and love-letter trials, together with a varied assortment of other trials, have taken up the time of the courts recently, and in each case the Judge has shown himself to be a veritable "Daniel come to judgment." Our Judges get away with any old sort of trial that comes before them. They seem to be first-class all-around experts—up in everything, from matching ribbons to refereeing a prize fight. Mr. Powers's picture illustrates many-sided skill very happily.

NATURAL QUERY.

"Hist! Kin yer keep a secret?"
"Why? Have youse got one yer can't keep?

FORTUNATE MAN!

"Yes, he died just in time to keep his life insurance from lapsing."
"He was always a lucky chap."

IMPERATIVE.

Cop—Come, move on, now!
Hobo—Aw, don't be hard on a poor——
Cop—Git, Oi say, yez lazy boom! Oi want t'sit down there meslif!

A POSER.

"Dis imitation sealskin cap'll be spoiled if it gits rained on."
"It will, eh? Den what does the imitation seals do when it rains?"

Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dressmaking establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Madame Judice:

I AM having a black armure cloth suit made. I am puzzled about the coat part. My skirt is the latest style, circular ruffle in the bottom and trimmed in bands of velvet almost an inch wide running around the upper part. As I am very tall I took good advice and trimmed that way to shorten my height. I want my coat made very new in fashion, as I must wear it next year. But I do not like those long-tailed Empire coats, as they will hide my skirt. How can I have something different from the Eton or Russian blouse coat and yet not an Empire? I want it trimmed with the velvet to correspond with the skirt. How would ermine fur do also as collar or revers or something of that kind?

A CONSTANT READER.

This illustration will give you an idea of something distinctly new, for while it is not of the Empire pattern it is still not a bolero (a term frequently used to cover the Eton and Russian blouse). It can be made of the same cloth as your skirt, with the same velvet trimming. It is cut just to the waist line in the back, is tight fitting and fastens in the centre front, which is cut in two long tabs reaching to the knees, closely resembling the pelerine, now so much in vogue. The rosettes and dangles are another very new feature. The former are made of inch-wide bias strips of the velvet, sewed invisibly to the coat on the outer edge in circles about the size of an ordinary tumbler top, and drawn together in the centre, from which the dangles are hung on black silk cords about three inches long. They are made of the velvet also, cut in diamond shape, folded over to form triangles. Sew one of the open edges together in a seam, the other being gathered tightly with the needle and fastened to the cord. Mould into a flat shape with the fingers and you have the new "dangle raisins." Hang in clusters of three, with one a trifle longer than the other two. If you desire ermine additionally I think a narrow band, as vest and collar and cuff edging and a sort of rever outline

SOMETHING NEW IN COATS.

across the shoulders will be sufficient, and is less expensive than whole collars and revers, &c., and equally as dressy. The sleeves are quite novel—something on the plain coat order, with flat fan plaits set in below the elbow of the velvet, finished with the same rosette and ermine edge trimming.

CARE OF THE WARDROBE.

In order always to be neatly dressed it is necessary to take good care of one's clothes, darning the tiny breaks before they get larger, brushing the dust from the dress skirts after they have been worn and putting the hats away in tightly-covered boxes to exclude dust.

Coat buttons should be sewed on as soon as they get loose and when the edge of the garment wears out a new binding will make it look better.

Dozens of little things that may be done to improve the appearance of the garments and make them last longer will suggest themselves if you go over your wardrobe regularly.

A CLEANSING FLUID.

A good cleansing fluid is almost indispensable, and an inexpensive recipe is the following: Shave two ounces of good soap, pour a pint of boiling water over it and after it has dissolved put in two ounces of powdered borax. Set it aside until cool, add one ounce each of ether and alcohol and two quarts of water. Stir until well mixed and keep it tightly corked. When you wish to clean spots or coat collars, &c., mix a cupful of water with a cupful of the fluid, put the garment on a table or smooth board and scrub it thoroughly with a brush dipped in the suds. Change the water as often as it gets dirty. Rinse with clean water and hang it up until half dry. Then cover with a thin cloth and press dry.

GREEN SILK WAIST.

I have three yards of silk which is 27 inches wide. I want to make a pretty waist, and would like your advice. I prefer to make it without trimming, as I want to wear a lace collar. I am quite short, also short-waisted, and would like to have some style which would make me look taller. Am forty-four years old and a brunette.

MATTIE WILSON, Summit, N. J.

Your sample of sage green bengaline silk will be very adaptable to your lace collar made in the simple blouse fashion with full bishop sleeves. To relieve the shirt-waist appearance and also to lengthen your waist line as you desire, you might tuck the silk in tiny clusters of two or three the "up and down" of the blouse. Between the clusters of tucks on the wide spaces do fagot stitching with a few French knots in heavy silk thread. If your collar is pure white use same color thread, but if a cream or "tawny" shade match the thread to it exactly. Tuck your collar, cuffs and girdle running around with same fagoting.

By using same material for your girdle you lengthen the waist that much more. Turn-over collars and cuffs of lace to match your large collar will be pretty additions.

LITERATURE AND CONCENTRATION

In the Fortnightly Review M. Max Nordau maintains the surprising theses that success in creative literature can only be won by men who have no competing employments to divide their interests and impede the concentration of their brains, says the London Graphic. It is beyond doubt the dream of every man of letters to be able thus to insulate the electricity of his genius; but it is strange that M. Nordau should have overlooked the long list of those who have had other things besides literature to attend to and yet have produced work that lives. Shakespeare, the actor-manager; Milton, the Lord Protector's Latin Secretary; Charles Lamb, the India office clerk, are only a few of the cases that he might have recalled. He should also have thought of Dickens, who was a reporter when his first imaginative work was written; Thackeray, who divided his time between fiction and work for the comic papers, and Charles Kingsley, who wrote "Westward Ho!" while a country parson, and M. Zola, who was Hachette's clerk when he wrote the "Contes a Ninon." The quantity of the work may have suffered in some of these cases from the author's alternative interests and duties, but it is hard to believe that the quality has suffered too. The rule, in short, if rule it be, is swamped by rather more exceptions than even the rules about the genders in French grammars.

TREES AS RAIN TELLERS.

It is true that people often say that the turning up of leaves is a sign of rain, says the Weather Review. I have heard the remark many times, but as far as my observations go the sign does not seem to be a very sure one. There are many kinds of trees, like the silver leaf poplars, in fact all poplars, the maple and some of the oaks, which turn their leaves up whenever there is a fairly strong, steady wind, but they do it as much in clear weather as in rainy. It has been suggested to me that possibly the belief may have arisen from the fact that winds capable of turning leaves over very often precede or follow rainstorms, and as people are usually on the alert when the general atmospheric conditions favor rain, looking for signs to confirm the general feeling they have that it is going to rain, it might be that the turning up of the leaves would be especially noted at such times.

SOMEBODIES.

DE WET, GEN.—sails to-day for South Africa. He is greatly affected by the recent death of his old colleague, Commandant Chris Botha.

DZIATZAKO, G. K.—the German archaeologist, has been making a study of antique copyright laws, and finds that the author was only protected in first editions.

EVANS, REAR-ADMIRAL—has taken command of the Asiatic Squadron, which will prove a slight variation on playing host to a visiting Prince.

LONG, JOHN D.—has, like President Roosevelt, Oct. 27 for his birthday.

PROTTSMAN, REV. W. M.—Missouri's oldest minister, has just died. He had preached for forty-four years.

WALZ, MISS MAGGIE—of Calumet, Mich., is the only Finnish publisher and newspaper woman in this country.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

"Just before the battle, mother!"

Santa Maria has stepped to the front rank of coffee consumers.

Doc Grossman says: "For lying, the best
cure's a good digestion."
Which statement seems to justify th'
ensuing timid question:
While strengthening digestions, would
it not be still more wise
To strengthen those of people who must
"swallow" all the lies?

"People who would abolish drinking are called temperance advocates. But what could you call people who defend the custom of drinking?"

"Cup Defenders."

"Speaking of Mr. Bryan's $450 heifer," said Uncle Allan Sparks, "hasn't the animal been before the public long enough to have grown into a $900 cow by this time?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Who was referred to, I wonder, in the song, 'She Never Saw the Streets of Cairo?' "

"Probably the average Egyptian cigarette."

He was most easy to convince
At the spellbinder's diction.
He voted in three wards, and he's
Still open to "conviction."

Broken heart damages were recently appraised at six cents. Alleged X-ray injuries have brought six cents less. Damage verdicts of late are almost as uncertain as plurality forecasts.

"Why don't you think the Venus of Milo was ever married?"

"Well, if the poor thing had no arms, how could any man ask for her hand?"

"This is a French novel, isn't it?" asked the customer.

"No," said the bookseller. "It's an American imitation of one. It isn't bright. It is merely nasty."—Chicago Tribune.

Nine millionaires are required to make the new cup defender. The same number as the tailors who are required to make a man. If one could find how many tailors it takes to make a millionaire, there'd be a very pretty little equation for the Very Young to solve.

"The book my papa gave me for a birthday present had 'For My Dear Little Son' written in it."

"The book my papa gave me had 'Not to Be Taken from This Library' printed in it."

That "Honesty's the best policy"
Is truthful to the letter,
But a first-class paid-up policy,
Is what folks like much better.

"It makes me sad," said the reformed one, "whenever I think of the time I used to waste while in drunken stupors."

"Yes," replied the gentleman from Kentucky, "when a man's in a drunken stupor he can't be drinking anything moh."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The $2,000 bail bond was a "claim" the Healers could not ignore.

Voting is the one duty which must be put off till to-morrow, instead of being done to-day.

Mayor Tom Johnson has scored a "hit" at last.

After hearing the campaign hot air
And the forecasts afloat everywhere
There can be little doubt
That both sides will win out
With about 50,000 to spare.

The water-cure has reached New York University, and more than one hundred freshmen are able and eager to testify to its inadvisability.

First Minstrel—I've left my burnt cork make-up at home.

Second Minstrel—Never mind. Walk a block or so in this soft-coal atmosphere and you'll look all right for the part.

"I nebber likes to see a man puttin' on a heap of airs an' actin' terrible important," said Uncle Eben. "I can't help thinkin' what a blow it's gwine to be to his pride one o' dese days when he puts on his yuthuh clothes an' ain' got de price o'cah fare an' discovers dat de passengers is laughin' at him jes' de same as if he warn't nobody special."—Washington Star.

This is the spellbinder's last chance to hedge.

"How did you like that 'Lullaby' I composed?"

"Well, if any one accused me of writing such a thing I'd compose an alibi."

A lot of game will have parted forever from the strenuous life by the time Roosevelt's hunting-trip ends.

A SHRINE OF TROUSERS.

There Was a Woman's Heart, Too, but Panmure Gordon Was Devoted to Bifurcates.

CAPT. HARRY PANMURE GORDON was sleeping in his tent, which had been pitched for the night fifty miles west of Peking.

The captain of the Tenth Hussars, the Prince of Wales's own regiment, was tired from the exertions of the busy day and had thrown himself upon the ground without removing any part of his uniform.

The air was freighted with the odor of almond blossoms wafted from a distant orchard.

The constellations, looking like Chinese handwriting, twinkled derisively at him as he lay thinking of his English home.

Far back in the swarm of recollections that came to him was a thought of a girl in England, a fair, pale beauty, delicate, elusive as the scent of the almond, inscrutable as the Chinese stars.

HARRY PANMURE GORDON.

He had seen her but once in his life, but ever since he had thought about her as the only girl.

Now he slept, and the girl's face for a while filled his dream, but gradually it faded from the vision.

All at once he became aware of a tiny little thing that seemed to be whispering into his ear. It was a fairy.

The fairy perched lightly on his shoulder.

"Tell me," she whispered, "what you would like best in all the world?"

The Captain recalled his fairy story-books, but that did not prevent him from realizing that he was in a most embarrassing position, for though he thought and thought, he did not know what he wanted most in all the world. He had been trying to solve the problem for years and years.

The fairy seemed to appreciate the situation, for she added: "The best gift I have is a young girl's heart. Neither fairies nor gods nor kings have any gift that compares with it. Would you like the heart of a girl—the heart of the girl you were dreaming about just now? I will give it to you if you wish."

"Thanks," said the Captain, sleepily. "Thanks awfully."

The expression, he knew, was not very adequate, but it really seemed to him that the heart of that tender young creature with the trustful violet eyes and the wealth of pale gold hair would be a very desirable thing.

"Do you want it most of anything? There is only one condition attached to the gift," said the fairy. "You must be sure you want it more than anything in the world."

The Captain took what seemed to him scarcely time to draw a breath, but as he paused the vision of the fairy faded and in its stead was a little gnome-like figure with eyes of fire.

The Captain knew this friend. He had not met any faries since he was a tiny boy, but the demons of various names had crossed his path frequetnly in later life.

The little demon was not very much to look at, not half so pretty as the fairy, but he led something in his hand which had once attracted his attention.

It was a miniature pair of trousers.

The practised eye of Panmure Gordon determined at once that it was the best cut pair of trousers he had ever seen. They were tiny little things to be sure, but it seemed to him he wanted them.

"We have met before, Capt. Gordon," said the demon, politely. "Perhaps you don't recollect my name. I am the demon of vanity. I know your secret ambition and I am able to help you realize it. With my assistance you may become known as the best-dressed man in England. That is something worthy of you. What do you want with the heart of a girl? Anybody can have that. But only one man in a generation can have the distinction I offer you."

A faint whisper, it seemed to the Captain, came from where the little fairy had been.

But his eyes were glued in admiration on the sartorial triumph in the little demon's hand. He could not turn them away.

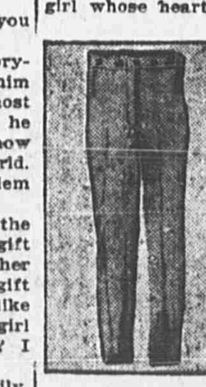
"Make me the best-dressed man in England," he said. "I don't think I want any hearts."

The next day when the Captain awoke he did not remember about the fairy and the demon. He knew only that he had a burning desire to visit a tailor and order clothes.

He did so. Soon the fame of his attire spread to all the English people in China, and when some months later he went home on a furlough he discovered that this fame had preceded him.

It was distinctly a pleasant sensation, he thought, to hear people whisper as he passed, "There goes the best-dressed man in London."

At receptions he occasionally met the girl whose heart had been offered him. But she did not act as though she knew anything about it.



HE ADORED THIS.

Sometimes it seemed to the Captain that his beautiful garments left something else to be desired. For a long time he thought that this feeling could be allayed by the purchase of more clothes. His collection of neckties was the most magnificent thing of its kind in the world. They numbered 1,160. He had rows and rows and piles and piles of all sorts of gorgeous clothes. But trousers were really his specialty. For several years he was known to have purchased 570 pairs of trousers annually. He enshrined his trousers. He adored them.

A time came, however, when even trousers palled. Then he thought of the little fairy that had offered him the best thing in the world.

The girl he knew had never married. So he went to her and asked her about it, telling her at the same time what she thought.

The girl thought so too. And they were married. And she shared his homage with the trousers and neckties.

This is the true romance of Harry Panmure Gordon, a wealthy, raiment-worshipping Englishman, who died at Nauheim, a European watering-place, the other day, leaving thousands of neckties and hundreds of pairs of trousers as a monument to his tailors.

Long before he died this gentleman of 570 trousers had learned that the fairy who whispered to him outside of Peking had told him the truth.